

The
STUDENT'S PEN



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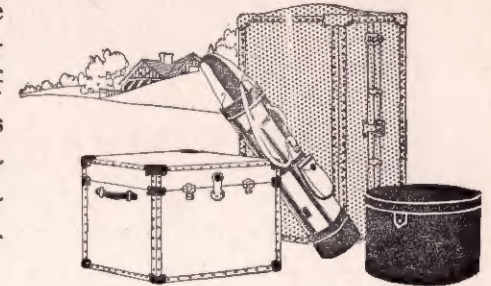


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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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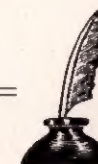
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Who's Who of '22

BLANCHE BOUTELLIER

General Course

Born July 25, 1906, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Boutellier. Elementary education received at Pomeroy School. Member of Prom. Committee, Class Treasurer, Camera Club, Glee Club, Pro Merito Student. Future, undecided. Hobby, swimming, canoeing.

MARION V. BRITT

General Course

Born April 9, 1903, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Britt. Elementary education received at Tucker School. Member of Camera Club, Girls' League. Hobby, Tennis and Golf.

MILDRED BLOODGOOD

General Course

Born April 5, 1904, at Arena, N. Y. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Bloodgood. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Glee Club and Girls' League. Hobby, canoeing and hiking.

DESDEMONA BOUDREAU

General Course

Born September 29, 1904, at Black Brook, N. Y. Daughter of David Boudreau. Elementary education received at Auburn, N. Y. and Russell School. Member of Glee Club, Girls' League, Camera Club, Sophomore Enterprise, Dancing Club. Hobby, dancing.

HARRY BAKER

College Prep. Course

Born February 14, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Rev. and Mrs. T. Nelson Baker. Elementary education received at Tucker School. Member of Debating Club, Staff of the Freshmen Independent '18, High School Orchestra, Class Song Committee. Hobby, baseball.

EVERETT W. CARROW

General Course

Born December 4, 1902, at Berkshire, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Carrow. Elementary education received at Berkshire Grammar School. Member of baseball '22, manager. Future, undecided. Hobby, baseball.

HERMAN E. CULLINAN

General Course

Born May 16, 1902, at North Adams, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Cullinan. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Glee Club, Boys' Club, Y. M. C. A. Future, undecided. Hobby, automobiles.

JAMES F. CLAFFIE

English Course

Born April 1, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Claffie. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Member of Pro Merito Society. Future, Draftsman at the G. E. Co. Hobby, dancing.

LAURETTA DANSEREAU

English Course

Born July 16, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dansereau. Received elementary education at Mercer School. Member of Prom Committee, Camera Club, Glee Club, Vice-President '20, Girls' League, Boat Club, Campfire Girl, Senior Dance Committee, Student's Pen Staff, Pro Merito Society. Future, Columbia. Hobby, dancing and swimming.

WALTER W. DURANT

Technical Course

Born August 6, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Durant. Received elementary education in Pittsfield Schools. Member of Y. M. C. A. Future, College. Hobby, chemistry.

MARY KATHERINE FERRY

English Course

Born July 22, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of William M. Ferry. Elementary education received in Rice Grammar School. Member of Sophomore Independent Staff. Future, Westfield Normal.

JAMES BOYD HAMILTON

English Course

Born 1904, at Hudson, N. Y. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Hamilton. Elementary education received at Tucker School. Member of Boys' Club, Editor of Freshman and Sophomore Independent, Senior Hop Committee, Statistics Committee, Toastmaster at Banquet.

LEO H. HEROUX

English Course

Born March 14, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Heroux. Elementary education received at Russell School. Future, Mechanical Engineer. Hobby, out door life.

ELEANOR M. HYNES

English Course

Born 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hynes. Elementary education received at Russell School. Member of Girls' League, Freshmen Basketball Team '18, Glee Club, Staff of Meteor '19, Student's Pen Staff, Senior Hop Committee, Class Will Committee, '22. Future, undecided. Hobby, dancing.

JAMES DRISCOLL

General Course

Born May 17, 1903, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mrs. Mary E. Driscoll. Elementary education received at Tucker School. Member of Boys' Club, F. M. T. A., Debating Club, Glee Club, Junior Basketball, Prom Committee, Flower Committee, President '22, A. I. E. E. Future, Mechanical Engineer. Hobby, baseball.

GEORGE EMERSON

College Prep. Course

Born July 17, 1904, at Hingham, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Emerson. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Student's Pen Staff, Boy Scouts, P. H. S. Radio Club, Class Secretary, Y. M. C. A., President Hi-Y '22. Future, Radio work. Hobby, fishing and canoeing.

DOROTHY FRENCH *College Prep. Course*

Born August 25, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. French. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Glee Club, Editor of Junior Enterprise, Exchange Editor of Student's Pen, Girls' League, Committee for Prom and Senior Hop, Pro Merito Student, Valedictorian. Future, Smith College. Hobby, fishing.

ALICE I. FLYNN *General Course*

Born February, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Flynn. Elementary education received at Rice School. Member of Girls' League, Glee Club, Senior Hop Committee, Boat Club, Class Color Committee. Future, Columbia University. Hobby, swimming.

MARY A. GROGAN *General Course*

Born February 1, 1903, at Clarkesburg, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Grogan. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Member of Glee Club, Working Girls' Club, President of Junior Council, Class Song Committee, Announcement Card Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Toast to Boys at Banquet. Future, North Adams Normal School (Kindergarten). Hobby, swimming in warm water.

R. JACOB GLOVINSKI *English Course*

Born August 11, 1904, at New Bedford, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glovinski. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Member of Staff of Freshmen Independent, Sophomore Independent, Prom Committee, Class Ring Committee, Senior Banquet Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Vice-President Junior Class, Class Gift Committee, Y. M. C. A., Baseball '21, P. H. S. Cheer Leader. Future, undecided. Hobby, baseball.

ALICE HOLLISTER *General Course*

Born May 21, 1903, at Great Barrington, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hollister. Elementary education at Pomeroy School. Member of Boat Club, Red Cross, Girls' Club, Glee Club. Future, Hood College, Maryland. Hobby, reading.

RAYMOND BENNETT *Technical Course*

Born June 18, 1906 at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bennett. Elementary education received at Crane Grammar School. Member of Y. M. C. A., Boys' Club, Boy Scouts of America (Eagle Scout), Red Cross Life Saving Corps. Future, undecided. Hobby, swimming.

CLIFFORD BRIGGS *English Course*

Born January 12, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Briggs. Elementary education received at Rice and Crane Schools. Member of Y. M. C. A., '18 to '20. Future, Civil Engineer. Hobby, swimming.

ANNA M. CAIN *College Prep. Course*

Born March 29, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. The daughter of James and Elizabeth Cain. Elementary education received at Tucker Grammar School. Member of Girls' League, Neighborly Club, Student's Pen, Terence McSwiney Council, Pen Staff '22, Sophomore Independent Staff '19, Interclass Debating Team '18 and '19, Editor of English Enterprise, Pro Merito Society, Speaker at Commencement Exercises. Future, will study at Westfield. Hobby, talking and reading.

IRENE E. CANFIELD *College Prep. Course*

Born August 8, 1905 at Chicago, Illinois. Daughter of Charles E. and Martha E. Canfield. Elementary education received in Peterborough, Ontario. Member of Staff of Sophomore Meteor, Assistant Guardian of the Ocawasin Camp Fire, Y. W. C. A. Gym and Swimming Club at Peterborough, Canada, Pro Merito Pupil. Future, Wheaton College. Hobby, hiking and swimming.

LOUIS CURRY *Technical Course*

Born March 5, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Curry. Received elementary education at Rice School. Member of Junior Enterprise Staff '21. Future, Draftsman. Hobby, swimming.

GLADYS DANES *College Prep. Course*

Born September 21, 1904 at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hebert E. Danes. Elementary education received at Redfield and Pomeroy Schools. Member of Girls' League '18-'22, Staff of Sophomore Independent Student Pen Club '22. Future, Business College. Hobby, reading and hiking.

MARGARET A. DEANE *General Course*

Born February 13, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Elementary education received at Plunkett School. Member of Glee Club '19-'21, F. M. T. A., Camp Fire Girls, Girls' League, School Dancing Class. Future, undecided. Hobby, hiking and dancing.

HELEN M. DOYLE *College Prep. Course*

Born December 31, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Doyle. Elementary education received at Tucker School. Member of Glee Club '18-'20, Camera Club, Sophomore Enterprise Staff, Campfire Girl, Girls' League, Junior Independent Staff, School Dancing Class '21, Prom Committee, F. M. T. A., Student Pen Staff, Assembly Committee, Class Secretary, Class Historian and Pro Merito Pupil. Future, Normal School. Hobby, dancing.

DOROTHY GRIFFEN *English Course*

Born December 17, 1903 at Dalton, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Griffen. Elementary Education at Dalton Grammar School. Member of Glee Club, F. M. T. A., Girls' League. Future, Concert Pianist. Hobby, dancing, swimming.

RAYNOR C. HUBBELL *Technical Course*

Born January 8, 1906 at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Hubbell. Received elementary education at Plunkett School. Member of Staff of Sophomore Meteor '19-'20. Future, intend to work and later attend Columbia. Hobby, baseball.

ERMINIE HUNTRESS *College Prep. Course*

Born April 8, 1907 at Hightstown, New Jersey. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Huntress. Received elementary education at Princeton, New Jersey and Newton. Member of Sophomore Meteor Staff, Junior Enterprise, Glee Club, Girls' League, Student's Pen Staff, Pro Merito, Graduation Speaker. Future, P. G. Course, then Mt. Holyoke College. Hobby, reading.

LILLIAN E. LYNCH *English Course*

Born October 3, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Lynch. Received elementary education at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Pen Staff '22-'21. Glee Club, Girls' League, School Dancing class, Senior Dance Committee, Graduation Committee. Future, Bay Path Business College. Hobby, hiking.

CLIFTON N. PALMER *Liberal Arts Course*

Born July 6, 1904 at Brooklyn, N. Y. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Palmer. Received elementary education at North Adams and Pomeroy School. Member of High School Orchestra. Future, Music. Hobby, chicken-raising.

FRED PECK *English Course*

Born August 9, 1905 at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peck. Elementary education received at Redfield School. Future, learn a trade. Hobby, baseball.

AUDREY PILON *English Course*

Born September 17, 1903, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Pilon. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Member of Glee Club, Girls' League, F. M. T. A., School Dancing Class, Graduation Committee, Pro Merito Pupil. Future, Westfield Normal School. Hobby, dancing.

ETHEL REYNOLDS *General Course*

Born August 26, 1903, at New Lebanon, N. Y. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha L. Reynolds. Received elementary education at Adams, Mass., and New Lebanon. Member of Girls' League, School Dancing Class. Future, teaching. Hobby, horse-back riding.

THOMAS REAVELL SMITH *Technical Course*

Born January 31, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Camera Club '18-'20, Electrical Club '21, Junior Basketball '20-'21 and Y. M. C. A. Future, prepare for Chemical Engineer at Northeastern College.

JAMES T. WASSON *English Course*

Born December 19, 1903 at Watkins, N. Y. Son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Y. Wasson. Elementary education received at Crane School. Member of Drawing Club '20-'21, Electrical Club, Debating Club. Future, Undecided. Hobby, swimming.

MORTON WHITE *English Course*

Born at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank White. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Glee Club, Class Decoration Committees, Vice-President Hi-Y Club '19, '20, '21, Y. M. C. A. Future, undecided.

RACHEL P. BARNES *General Course*

Born November 11, 1902 at Richmond, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Barnes. Elementary education received at Richmond Grammar School. Member of Student's Pen Club, Camp Fire Girl, Audubon Club, Junior Enterprise Student's Pen Staff, Senior Dance Committee, Pro Merito Student, Salutatorian '22. Future, Middlebury College. Hobby, hiking and reading.

MARIE V. HUNGERFORD *College Course*

Born May 4, 1904, at Sherman, Conn. Daughter of Edward J. Hungerford. Elementary education received at Sherman, Conn. Member of Music Club, Student's Pen Club, Girls' League. Future, Middlebury College. Hobby, hiking.

WILLIAM H. HUBBARD *English Course*

Born June 23, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Loynes. Elementary education received at Dawes and Plunkett School. Member of Hi-Y and Y. M. C. A. Future, undecided.

THOMAS F. JOYCE *English Course*

Born August 8, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Elementary education received at Nugent and Plunkett Schools. Member of By-Laws and Constitution Committee, Secretary and President of the Y. M. D. C. '18-'20, Chairman Class Constitution, Junior Prom Committee, Flower Committee, Class Gift Committee, Graduation Committee, Senior Hop Committee, Class Picture, Student's Pen Staff, Basketball Manager '21-'22. Future, business administration.

THEODORE F. KALLMAN *English Course*

Born 1904, at Boston, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Kallman. Elementary education received at Redfield Grammar School. Member of Boat Club, Y. M. C. A., Class President '19-'20 Feb. '21, Chairman Senior Dance Committee, Class Gift Committee, C. M. T. R. Club, Hi-Y Club. Future, B. A. Course, Boston U.

ESTER M. KRUM *College Course*

Born April 3, 1905, at Williamsport, Pa. Elementary education received in Pennsylvania and Pomeroy Schools. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Krum. Member of Girls' League, Campfire Girl, Basketball Team, four years, West End Lightning Club, Banquet Committee. Future, undecided. Hobby, dancing.

FREDERICK ARTHUR LA BRODE *English Course*

Born May 23, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. LaBrode. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Member of Boys' Club, Boy Scouts, Chairman of Banquet Committee. Future, architecture. Hobby, hiking and swimming.

KATHERINE E. MEEHAN *College Course*

Born October 20, 1904 at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Meehan. Elementary education received at Mercer School. Future, Westfield Normal School. Hobby, skating.

HENRY L. MERRIAM *English Course*

Born December 4, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merriam. Elementary education received at Crane School. Member of Boy Scouts, Senior Hop Committee, Announcement Committee, Class Ring Committee, Class Prophecy, Decorating Committee, Assembly Committee. Future, chemist. Hobby, hunting.

MARGARET L. O'BRIEN *English Course*

Born July 10, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard T. O'Brien. Elementary education received at Russell School. Member of Glee Club, Student's Pen Club, F. M. T. A., Girls' League, Treasurer Sophomore Independent, Vice-President of Senior Class. Future, school teacher. Hobby, dancing.

CLARISSA W. MALONEY *English Course*

Born April 6, 1904, at Lenox, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Maloney. Elementary education received at Lenox Schools and Redfield Grammar. Member of Glee Club, Girls' League, F. M. T. A., X. Y. Z. Club, Boat Club, May Dance Committee, Golf Club, S. B. B. Club. Future, Kindergarten School. Hobby, horseback riding.

MABEL W. MACKIE *English Course*

Born May 3, 1904, at Worcester, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Mackie. Elementary education received in Worcester Schools. Member of Boat Club, F. M. T. A., Girls' Club, Glee Club, Senior Dance Committee, X. Y. Z. Club. Future, St. Vincent's Hospital Training School. Hobby, dancing.

MARY AGNES MEAGHER *English Course*

Born July 9, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meagher. Elementary education received in Pomeroy School. Member of Girls' League, West-end Lightning Club, (Treasurer), Graduation Committee. Future, Westfield Normal. Hobby, swimming.

WILLIAM ROBERT NEALON *English*

Born June 26, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nealon. Elementary education received at Plunkett and Dawes Grammar Schools. Member of Student's Pen Staff, Prom Committee, Debating Club, Class Treasurer '21, Glee Club, Decorating Committee '21. Future, undecided. Hobby, going to school.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MORIN *English Course*

Born June 26, 1904, at Lee, Mass. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie J. Morin. Elementary education received at Lee Schools and Plunkett. Member of Glee Club, Hi-Y, Y. M. C. A., F. M. T. A., Boys' Club, Boat Club. Future, undecided. Hobby, baseball.

ROBERT P. PARKER *College Course*

Born October 19, 1904, at Hartford, Conn. Son of General and Mrs. E. B. Wheeler. Elementary education at Redfield School, Noah Webster School, Hartford. Member of Pro Merito Society, Country Club, Hartford Golf Club. Future, Williams College. Hobby, mechanical work.

MABEL PALMER *English Course*

Born June 30, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Palmer. Elementary education received at Rice and Bartlett Schools. Member of Girls' League. Future, Westfield Normal. Hobby, tennis.

ELIZABETH RICHARDS *English Course*

Born June 3, 1905, at Great Barrington, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Richards. Elementary education received in Housatonic, Mass. Member of Junior Red Cross, Campfire Girls, Girls' League, Staff of Junior Enterprise. Future, Bay Path, Springfield, Mass. Hobby, playing pinochle.

IRENE R. STAPLES *College Course*

Born February 9, 1905, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Staples. Elementary education received at St. Joseph's Grammar School. Member of Girls' League, Working Girls' Club, Pro Merito Society. Future, Westfield Normal. Hobby, dancing.

CLARICE TOPPIN *English Course*

Born August 15, 1905, at Hartford, Conn. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Toppin. Elementary education received at Dawes Grammar School. Member of Class Motto Committee. Hobby, automobiling.

RUTH REINHARDT *English Course*

Born December 28, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Elementary education received in Center School, Hinsdale. Member of Girl Scouts, Y. W. C. A., Grange. Future, school teacher. Hobby, swimming.

MADELINE TAYLOR *College Course*

Born March 13, 1904, in Canada. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Taylor. Elementary education received in Redfield School. Member of Glee Club, Staff of Tereor, P. S. C. Club, Girls' Club, Queen Ester Society. Future, undecided. Hobby, out of door life.

HELEN ELIZABETH REICHARD

Born October 18, 1904, at Pittsfield, Mass. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Reichard. Early Education, Mercer and Rice Grammar Schools. Member of Girls' League, Campfire Girls, Red Cross, Staff of "Junior Enterprise." Hobby, reading.

ELLADORA KATHRYN HUTHSTEINER

Born January 6, 1906 at Schenectady, N. Y. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Huthsteiner. Early Education, H. L. Dawes Grammar Schools. Member of Girls' League, Shnuya Campfire, Glee Club, Camera Club, Assembly Committee, "Student's Pen" and "Junior Enterprise." Hobbies, swimming and reading.

Class of '22 Officers

President	James Driscoll
Vice-President	Margaret O'Brien
Secretary	Helen Doyle
Treasurer	Theodore Kallman

Statistics, June 1922

You can hardly realize what a task it was to compile the statistics of the class of June, 1922. I have always known, ever since I entered in 1918 that each member of the class held a different opinion from that of his neighbor. These differences have appeared regularly at class meetings. At the end of four years battling and struggling, we are, every one of us, trained fighters ready to combat at the sound of the gong. These variegated opinions have affected the statistics in such a way that it seemed as though freshmen made them out. I'm going to apply to the government for a statisticians' position for the 1930 census. I know I'll make good. I have had much experience. I compiled the statistics of the class of 1922. Nevertheless it has been a pleasure to read the opinions of various members of the class. In many cases they were close. In one instance there was a tie. Listen closely and you will find out how your favorites fared.

The brightest girl is Dorothy French. Her votes were as numerous as weeds in a garden.

Francis Claffie was voted the brightest boy. He deserves this vote as he made the pro merito society.

Elizabeth Richards defeated her nearest rival by a two to one vote for the prettiest girl.

George Emerson just "nosed out" Arthur LaBrode as the handsomest boy. Pretty lucky George!

"Jimmy" Driscoll received the popular vote for the most popular boy.

Helen Doyle and Alice Flynn fought a hard race for the most popular girl, but Helen won out.

Ermine Huntress received an overflow of votes as the cleverest girl, while "Henny" Merriam and "Tom" Joyce battled to a tie as cleverest boy. At this juncture two clever individuals or those who thought they were clever, intimated that there were not any clever boys. You should have seen the votes they received.

Marion Britt is the best girl dancer and can take "Ted" Kallman as a partner, according to the class.

Blanche Boutieller although hard pressed by Irene Canfield was selected as the cutest girl. "Cliffie" Briggs, because his feet don't touch the floor when he sits down, was chosen as the cutest boy.

The subject of good nature was brought up and a vote was taken. K. Ferry was elected best natured girl over Alice Flynn by one vote. Alice is also very good natured so she won't mind one vote. Merriam's supporters rallied to his aid and voted him the best natured boy over Hamilton. There were nine "also rans."

In choosing a poet or poetess the class left the beaten path of dissension and elected Ermine Huntress overwhelmingly.

At this point a "free for all" contest was opened for the class gossip. More girls were entered than there are members of the class. Margaret O'Brien won; Audrey Pilon was second, she received one less vote than Margaret.

Clair Maloney and Blanche Boutieller had things all by themselves, as class vamps until someone stuffed the ballot box and Blanche was elected. Blanche by the way is the shortest girl in the class and the cutest. So if you want to be a vamp it is necessary to be short and cute. Ask Blanche, she knows.

When the question who is the class Prima Donna came up Mary Grogan received more votes than there are mudholes on Elm St. Quite a number.

Traditions were once more shattered. Harry Baker received fifty of fifty-eight votes as class musician.

"Tom" Joyce received a plurality of three over "Jake Glovinski" as class grouch. There was a large field entered. The girls were well up in the race.

Miss Huntress at last had to taste defeat. "Cliff" Palmer was elected over Erminie as class nuisance by two votes. Clifton, however is no nuisance with the fiddle. He "shakes" a "mean" bow.

Regarding the class bluffer, each one seemed to think some one else was doing a large amount of bluffing. Consequently there was a large number of entries. However, George Emerson was the victor.

In voting for the best speaker there seemed to be quite a little "log rolling" in the class. That is if you vote for me as best speaker, I'll vote for you. Each one wanted to say that he or she didn't vote for himself or herself. Nevertheless, "Grouch" Joyce, to apply his new nickname, was elected.

There was considerable rivalry between boys and girls as to who was the noisest. Erminie Huntress came through with flying colors. "Jake" Glovinski was a runner-up. The girls had the largest number of aspirants in the field.

At this stage a strange thing happened. Two girls were the leaders in the race to see who was the quietest. Gladys Danes defeated Marie Hungerford by a small vote. The rest of the entrants were mainly boys. Unusual class! Has quiet girls!

Mary Grogan and Claire Maloney were at one time in danger of having their laurels taken from them as the nerviest. Each received thirteen votes. The remaining string of candidates received from one to four.

"Jake" Glovinski in spite of an uphill struggle is still going and for second time he was "nosed out" by "Tom" Joyce. This time for the crabbiest and by a single vote.

Henry Merriam the good natured individual was flooded with votes for the wittiest. To top off several victories (also several defeats) "Henny" was elected as the jolliest person in the class. Personally, I know he would receive less votes if some people could see his face when one of his witticisms goes flat in English 8-5.

Again the diversified minds of my fellow and sister classmates caused much trouble. In attempting to vote for teacher's pet, I imagine an unusual amount of time was taken. Brains were racked so hard that the logical candidate (although) she was elected was racked out of mind. Elladora Huthstiener received the honor of being teacher's pet. There were quite a number of other pets also.

Now comes the heavy matter. The Heaviest boy is "Ted Kallman" who carries 151 pounds of avoirdupois. The lightest is "Cliff" Briggs who'll never break any scales. He weighs 84 pounds. The average weight of the boys is 137. No lightweights. For the girls the Miss French held down the weighty matters. She tips the beam at 135. Erminie Huntress in spite of her ability as a poetess and a noise maker weighs but 80 pounds. The average girls' weight is 115. No heavy weights. The next subject is an old one. "Herm" Cullinan is oldest boy having seen 20 summers. Ray C. Hubble is the youngest, he won't vote for five years. The average age of the boys is 17 years 5 months. Quite brilliant for our ages! The girls have four people tied for first as the oldest. The Misses Barnes, Britt, Grogan and Hollister, frankly admit that they are 19. Erminie Huntress and the inevitable Blanche Boutieller claim to be 15. Quite young to be expounding the fourth dimension and vamping on a large scale. The next paragraph although short is of quite some length. The tallest boy is "Mort" "Billious" White who is 6' 1". Briggs claims he is five feet but there is plenty of room for doubt. Whoever told Briggs he was five feet should be arrested for giving short measure. The average height of the boys is five feet, five inches. There will be quite a few stretched necks at the banquet I foresee. The girls have really no one very tall but Helen Doyle who says she's six feet one. Don't you believe it girls. Blanche Boutieller is five feet. There seems to be no way of ridding her from the statistics. The boys wear collars between fourteen and fourteen and one half. Except "Johnny" Crown-he who wears a fifteen. How well the boys could get along as roommates and use each other's collars. The largest cap is worn by Joyce who takes $7\frac{3}{4}$. Joyce has a great head anyway. Hamilton wears the smallest which is $6\frac{1}{2}$. The shoe question next. Ted Kallman wears $10\frac{1}{2}$; he's going to be a policeman or a floor walker. He's in training now at England's. Briggs and Bennett wear fives. Average $7\frac{1}{2}$. Katherine Ferry wears $6\frac{1}{2}$ and Alice Hollister takes a three; those are the girls records. The average is $4\frac{1}{2}$. Brown hair and blue eyes are the predominant characteristics of the class. There are also auburn, black, Titian, blonde, light and many other kinds of hair. And there are, violet green, hazel, brown, black and various other colors of eyes. Different as usual. A few favorites yet to be taken up are, the favorite pets, color, sport and study. The dog was chosen as the favorite pet to chase away the blues, which is the favorite color, so we can enjoy swimming or studying English, the favorite sport and study respectively. The majority of members were born in Massachusetts, seven from New York, four from Connecticut, one from New Jersey, one from Pennsylvania, and one from Illinois. Wait,

there is one from Canada. The nationality of the class, is so mixed that it is little wonder that peace reigns only at night. There are more Irish than English, more English than French, more French than German. So along with these are Dutch, Spanish, Scotch, Hebrew, Canadian. No Chinese although some do things backwards.

James Boyd Hamilton.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of June, 1922

To whom it may concern, Greetings:

By the Grace of God and the laws and statutes of the United States and of the sovereign state of Massachusetts, we, the members of the class of June, in the year of our Lord, 1922, in the grand and glorious institution, Pittsfield High School, being of sound mind and in full (or nearly full) possession of all our faculties do hereby give and bequeath the following:

ITEM: To our successors and heirs, the best principal and faculty in existence.

ITEM: To all future generations this prehistoric ruin called Pittsfield High School.

ITEM: To the Pittsfield High School Athletic Association, a worthy organization, all the money left in our class treasury knowing that it will be spent in a worthy manner.

ITEM: To Mrs. Bennett, professor of United States History and Civics, the right to dominate the lives of future Seniors who have any hope of graduation, as she has dominated ours.

ITEM: To Mr. Keaney, all the students (or so-called students) of this High School, hoping that he may in time find a class as brilliant and desirous of knowledge as his third period class in Physics has been.

ITEM: To Miss Flynn the fourth period we leave—PEACE.

ITEM: To Miss Casey we leave the right to hold all the afternoon sessions she wishes for the benefit of pupils who may resemble such impetuous scholars as Jimmy Wasson, Jake, Alice Flynn and Henry Merriam.

ITEM: To future classes the right to hold class meetings using ours as a model. But may they never be as *peaceful* as ours have been.

ITEM: To Mr. Hayes, professor of English and guardian angel of the Student's Pen, regrets that you will no longer be able to tell us we are the stupidest, laziest, homliest class in existence.

ITEM: To Mr. Goodwin, his Virgil class leaves all the future tenses and proper nouns of Cicero and Virgil.

ITEM: To all who want it we leave a very large amount of ambition. Use it to get a new high school.

ITEM: To Miss Waite, special permission to take off the desk covers in Room 16 in order that she may better watch the actions of the young ladies in that room.

ITEM: To the janitor we bequeath the high school skeleton.

ITEM: To any deserving young Senior B girl Marion Britt leaves her most precious possession—her familiar mirror.

ITEM: To Mr. Hayes, Lillian Lynch and Lauretta Dansereau, typists for the Pen, give the following parting thought: It is a good thing for you we had such wonderful dispositions.

ITEM: To any would-be Apollo, Arthur LaBrode leaves his good looks.

ITEM: To the laziest Senior B, Ted Kallman leaves the chair in Room 13 where he has slept so peacefully through two semesters of English.

ITEM: To any aspiring freshman, George Emerson leaves his special systematic method of bluffing.

ITEM: To Morton White, we bequeath special permission to paint the auditorium and library next semester as he is the only person we know who is tall enough to paint these places without bothering to put up staging. (These rooms are not really in need of paint. This is to be done merely as a pastime.)

ITEM: To her successor, Mary Meagher leaves her reputation as a giggler.

ITEM: To Mrs. Bennett, the boys of the class bequeath our class picture.

SPECIAL PROVISION: It is to be hung on the blackboard in the front of the room as a gentle reminder of the martyred students who suffered in Room 9.

ITEM: To anyone who thinks himself worthy and capable of such a position Henry Merriam leaves his duties as Class wit, etc. etc., which he has carried out so well in the last four years, to the delight of his classmates and to the despair of his teachers.

ITEM: To any hard-working Junior, Chesney leaves his pull with Miss Kennedy.

Signed this twenty-eighth day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-two,

The Class of June, 1922

Eleanor Hynes.

Evening

In the silence and calm of the evening
When the day is on the wane,
Comes the tinkling of the cow-bell
From the cool and shadowy lane.

In the mystic shades of the maple
The queen of queenly trees,
The robins are singing their night song
To th' accompaniment of the breeze.

The crickets are tuning their fiddles,
The frogs are testing their throats,
A song floats up from the river
Where the cardinals flash their coats.

A whip-poor-will calls from the rushes
And is answered by one from the wood.
The earth is steeped as with magic,
And, Oh, but the world seems good!

Rachel P. Barnes, '22.

'22 Class History

History! The tales of famous men and their deeds; the tales of the brave; the worthy and the great; all these go to make up a history. Therefore, what could prove more interesting than the history of the greatest and most able class that ever graduated from the Pittsfield High School? 'Tis needless to ask what class this may be, for is there anyone in these days of enlightened learning who has never heard tell or even read of some of the famous deeds of this prodigal class? If there is any such unfortunate one let him listen intently to the following, which is but a brief sketch of that marvellous group, which as yet no one has ever dared to rival.

In the fall of 1918 a band of children, but very wise and clever children, came from the land of Ignorance, to begin their High School work at that towering and impressive structure known as Pittsfield High School. Even that first day it could be seen that we, of all the classes that had come and gone, we alone were to prove ourselves the one and only class of P. H. S.

Our beginning in the new school can never be forgotten by any one of us. How early each morning we climbed and climbed the endless stairs which lead to those lofty rooms above, which every little freshman learns to call his "home!" For a time we were the source of amusement of our elders and more wise colleagues who entertained themselves by the inevitable "kick me," and "just arrived" adorning signs. The time flew by in the first year as usual. Studying all the outside hours of school and reciting in. We were trying hard to become acquainted with our new "home" and as yet we still believed the rule that children should be seen and not heard. (This may be testified to by either Miss Cole and Miss Bates, who were the first who greeted us, upon our entrance, and now both of whom are gone. Can anyone tell the reason why?)

In 1919 the freshmen no longer carried that detestable name with them, for a year had passed and time and learning (?) had given us the right to become a sophomore. But where were all those brave ones who had entered in '18? Many had left us, but even at this we could not lose heart. We must go on. Some of our more fortunate ones were transplanted into their new home of room 6. Here under the dazzling Rheims cathedral and the dismaying Henry VII, who glowered on us from their thrones on the walls, we first began (and perhaps on their account) to feel the need of organization. "Quicker said than done" proves wrong in our case for immediately we were an organized class, headed by Mr. Kallman and others, who were to set out upon a social career that would emblazon our name for all time. Such things as sleigh-rides and parties helped to pass away our leisure hours during our second year. We (of Room 6) (for of Room 8 we can not vouch) were also very well instructed in the method of desk cleaning under the careful guidance of Miss Morse to whom we express here the wish that in coming years she will be more thoughtful of those who are still to be her "homers"-in the matter of whispering at one's own pleasure).

Such was the manner in which we spent the first two years at P. H. S. True it is that nothing extraordinary happened, yet even so the common place things did not happen. How could such a thing be possible of US?

In 1920, that promising sophomore class had now become the mighty Juniors. Many of our classmates had dwindled away but in recompense such wonders as Miss Huntress and Mr. Larkin had joined our ranks. Mr. Larkin was to be our class adviser and all we can say of him is that if some coming class cares to follow in the path of the '22 class let them choose Mr. Larkin for their class adviser. It was immediately necessary for us to draw up a constitution and choose our class colors. These two tasks were done with the cleverness and the agreeableness which has always marked our class. From that time on whenever one saw the colors Yale Blue and White flying high he immediately knew that behind it came the smart Juniors of P. H. S.

It was at this time in our history that our treasury began to run low and the spirits of our classmates began to run high. From now on our meetings promised to take on a more lively air and perhaps this was due to our "three months no say rule." Some still believe that the rousing spirit of "MacBeth" which was occupying much of our time now would not be content in staying only in our English class, but must intrude into our meeting.

As Juniors, we began to plan for the crowning event of the year—the Junior Promenade. With a great deal of work on the part of everyone in this class and especially Mr. Joyce, the chairman, this affair was held June 24th at the Temple. It is needless to say that it was a success both financially and socially, and it added to the fame and noteworthiness of our class, and our ability to entertain was soon realized by everyone.

Next came a track meet held under the supervision of Mr. Ford of the P. H. S. C. This event proved that along with being studious and sociable, we were also athletic. Is there any one who can ever forget how Clara Noble encouraged us on when we could hardly stand because our legs were tied together? And remember how Elladora expressed her opinion of us that very same day?

Finally we arrived at that period in our High School career to which we had all looked forward. We were Seniors! The very name itself is enough to make one grave and pensive. And who can claim that we were not such? Who can say that our very first class meeting was not a huge success? At this meeting, for some reason or other, the boys were suddenly convinced that they could not attend. As if this mattered—or—the girls went right along and began their senior year alone. Jimmie Driscoll as president began to lead us on thru one grand year. First came a sleigh-ride, or rather, the plans for the sleigh-ride came but as the snow didn't come, neither did we go.

At this time we lost a very good friend and helper, Miss Rose Converse. In her place was Miss Casey. From that day on the Seniors of Room 14 cannot imagine what trick can be tried in that room which Miss Casey has never heard of.

As time flew by and our days began to be few we began plans for our grand event; namely, the "Senior Hop." This dance was held May 19th at the Temple and such a time as everyone had! Laughter and dancing and gaiety helped to make this affair most successful and it can be counted as another feather in "22's entertainment cap. Much credit is due to Mr. Kallman who directed the whole affair.

Now it is commencement time. Our days are numbered at good old P. H. S. We must set out into the world, ready to conquer it, backed by all the knowledge which we have gained during the last four years. With pleasant memories and good wishes we leave our Alma Mater, we of the class of '22, which is yet to be rivalled.

On June 27, our graduation is to be held. Rachel Barnes will deliver the salutatory and Dorothy French will give our adieus.

The best and last event of all, the banquet will be held June 28th at the Maplewood Hotel, and then Henry Merriam, with his ever ready wit will tell to the world what each and every member of our class will do to help enlighten the world in coming years.

Thus we end our history. Now let us ask: "Who may even dare to class themselves with that class of 1922?"

Helen M. Doyle, '22.

Program at the Class Banquet Held at the Maplewood, Wednesday, June 28

Toastmaster	J. Boyd Hamilton
Opening Speech	James Driscoll
Toast to Boys	Mary Grogan
Toast to Girls	Thomas Joyce
Remarks	Principal Roy M. Strout
Class History	Helen Doyle
Remarks	Mr. Edw. Larkin
Class Prophecy	Henry Merriam
Class Will	Eleanor Hynes
Remarks	Supt. John F. Gannon
Dancing in the Ball Room	

A Radio Message

Romeo played a sweet serenade
And won his love Juliette.
Darby bought Joan back to his home
In thanks to Cupid's net.
Orlando gay proved love the way,
Miranda grand loved Ferdinand,
Evangeline found Gabriel.
So we have found that hearts are bound,
Small Cupid's darts are real,
And since the days of Romeo
Gain swifter speed and serve the need
Encouraged by the radio.

Rachel P. Barnes, '22.

Human Endeavor

Our lives are moments on the ocean sands.
Like children do we dig our little wells;
But soon the eager work of human hands
Is blotted out by countless ocean swells.

Or, if you will, we're painters of a day,
With canvas white before us, and we try
To paint some wondrous picture while we may;
Blurred daubs, imperfect lines, our tasks defy.

Or are we sowers, scattering the seeds,
In life's deep furrows, thinking they will grow;
Then watching, working, wondering what impedes?
No fruits appear, yet why we do not know.

But we need not despair, for though the sea,
Of time must wash away what we have wrought,
The sand is softened for what is to be,
By all our laboring, and all our thought.

When we behold our painting with the rest,
In clearer light, it may appear to be
Fairer, who knows? Another took our best,
Changed its blurred lines to perfect symmetry.

Or if we sow, the harvest must be there;
No good is ever lost,—thought, word, or deed;
And in another's life we find our care
Has raised a harvest from the scattered seed.

We children, painters, sowers, shall we grieve
If forces seem to overthrow by might
Our efforts? Nay, we cannot but believe
That God in His own time will make all right.

Erminie Huntress.

The King of the Berkshires

Some mountains there are that seem almost conscious beings, who, if they could speak, would tell such tales as would make the traveler tremble with awe and with alarm. They fill us with wonder and with a deep sense of our own insignificance. For are not the mountains the homes of winds, tempest, storms and clouds? Do not the lightnings play about their summits, while the huge crashes of thunder rumble down their sides? At times, to be sure, mountains are places of stillness with their silence broken only by the song of the birds, the hum of the insect or the rippling of the brook. Then it is that they invite the dreamer and inspire the poet.

Much, indeed, has been written and sung of our own New England pinnacles. The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts are wonderful ranges, "the Mecca for hundreds of yearly visitors drawn thither by their written and spoken fame of the scenery and the invigorating air. Travel where you will there you will find sung the beauty and majesty of our own towering Greylock, "The King of the Berkshires."

Here in the past century, came as mountain pilgrims, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Bryant, Beecher, Holmes and Longfellow, and in prose and verse have they immortalized this grand old height.

Frost capped in winter, leaf crowned in summer, wreathed with golden foliage in autumn, the sentinel of our valley stands ever on guard.

Greylock is named from an old Indian chief, who had his hiding place on this mountain and who often made raids upon the early settlers of western Massachusetts. As he had but one leg it was easy to follow his trail. So wise was he and so cunning that he never was caught. Unlike other Indian chieftains, Greylock's object was not to capture people and then scalp them, but to capture the settlers and take them to Canada to be sold. The Indians were the first dwellers upon "the King of the Berkshires" but the students of Williams College were the first explorers. It was that institution that first recognized the beauty and grandeur of this mountain. For the last one hundred and twenty-seven years Mountain Day, which really means Greylock Day, has been observed by the College. On that day the trails to Greylock summit are thickly dotted with student groups. In fact so dear to the loyal sons of Williams has Greylock ever been that Dr. Washington Gladden's song "The Mountains," written about 1859, is still a favorite college melody.

Of course the mountain is beautiful at all times—in summer and in winter, at sunrise and at sunset, but for many, the most wonderful time to be on Greylock's summit is at sunrise in summer. Of such a sunrise Thoreau writes:

"I was up early and perched upon the top of the tower at daybreak. As the light increased I discovered around me an ocean of mist which reached exactly to the base of the tower. . . . As the light in the East steadily increased, it revealed to me more clearly the new world into which I had risen in the night. There was not a crevice left through which the trivial places we name Massachusetts, Vermont and New York could be seen. It was such a country as we might

see in dreams with all the delights of Paradise. But when the sun began to rise on this pure world, I found myself a dweller in the dazzling halls of Aurora—into which poets have had but a partial glance over the eastern hills—drifting among the saffron-colored clouds, and playing with the rosy fingers of the dawn, in the very path of the sun's chariot, and sprinkled with the dewy dust, enjoying the kindly smile,—and near at hand the far glances of God."

The most unusual sight that has been seen from Greylock is the "Spectre of the Brocken" which occurred in 1906 and 1907. The spectre of the Brocken, as near as can be explained is the reflection of the human form in the clouds and is so called because the phenomenon was first seen on Brocken Mountain in the Alps. In August, 1906, the custodian of the Greylock reservation was standing with two tourists a little to the south of the Mountain tower, when they observed a thin fog bank rolling up from the foothills of Hoosac and Greylock Mountains. As it curled up above them they were reflected upon it in a huge and startling shape. For twenty minutes the phenomenon lasted. In the same month of the following year a resident of Lanesboro with a team of horses was driving up the Rockwell Road to bring down the piano from the summit house. When about three-fourths of a mile from the summit he happened to glance up at the sky. There was the same bank of fog and lo! not only his own form was photographed on the clouds but a picture of his horse and wagon and whole outfit! His wagon seemed to be moving over banks of clouds and he even saw the wheels revolving.

But it is not in summer only that hoary Greylock entices the traveler. A snow-shoe climb in winter has added thrills. Greylock then with its snow covered summit closely resembles the Alps. The tree trunks, shrubbery and branches are clothed in ice which glitters with a million diamonds. In the morning the summit is snow white with hoar frost; in the midday when the sun is shining bright, the whole range is bathed in a soft blue color and in the twilight the slopes take on every shade of crimson and gold. The storms on the summit are seldom wild, often appearing like low-lying clouds, now grey, now white.

But, of course, every person who climbs Greylock is not fortunate enough to see it either at sunrise or in winter. Yet at all times the trails are so picturesque and the views from the summit so enchanting that people who make pilgrimages to the "Mecca of the Berkshires" especially visitors from distant parts of the country, talk for weeks of its glories.

There are various trails leading to the summit of Greylock—from Lanesboro, Adams, and North Adams; but the only good automobile road is the Rockwell Road, which has been ascended by automobile from the Pittsfield park in an hour and a half. It is not, however, an ideal highway for automobiles and the State legislature has during this year appropriated a sum of money for the building of state road up the mountain which shall make its slopes a broad highway for those many who find the winding trails too steep and long.

The iron tower was erected by the old Greylock Park Association in 1889, a fitting gift from the mountain lovers of Northern Berkshire. From its lookout there are seventy-two mountain peaks and ranges visible. On a clear day Mt. Washington, 144 miles away, can be seen by the aid of a field-glass and always near at hand is a panoramic view of Williamstown, North Adams, Adams, Ches-

hire and Pittsfield. Such a breadth of ground and beauty of landscape can be viewed from no other mountain of equal height in the United States nor can such an area of historic ground be seen as is to be found within the shadows of the Berkshire Hills. Justly proud are the people of western Massachusetts of the beauty of their mountains. Often has it been said that the mountains of Berkshire are not excelled by the Alps and no where else have they their equal.

Always one "sees among the Berkshire Hills, their King

"A King most royal, with his council, stands
In gorgeous state. Widely his praises sing,
Beloved of all, throughout the loyal land,
Regal and stately, of an ancient race,
Stern and majestic, tow'ring to the skies,
Instinctively we turn to see his face.
At morn, at noon, and when the evening dies,
Benignant ruler of a thousand gales!
His armies guard the fair enchanted land,
The Hoosac, Eastward, watch the hills and dales,
The great Taconics, on the Westward stand
And Monument and Everett two great chiefs,
Loyal and grand, command the Southern fields."

Dorothy French.

American Merry-makers

Is our nation a nation without a sense of humor? Are we unfamiliar with the art of laughter? Charles Dickens believed so, when he visited us in the forties, for he called us an "unhumorous people." Ada Ward, also of England, recently stated that she is coming to America to teach us how to laugh; and Yone Naguchi, the Japanese writer, claims that we need to develop a new American humor.

Immediately in protest comes the query, "What about the colored supplement of our Sunday papers over which children and adults laugh; what of the cartoons of every magazine and newspaper; what of our comic movies? Upon reflection, however, we are prone to ask ourselves, "Is this real humor? Is it wholesome humor?" Let the answer be what it may.

Does not the literature of our nation serve as a clearer mirror, reflecting the spirit of the people? And who is there who has not chuckled over the gentle flowing spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes; over the drollery and wit of Lowell; over the wise and sympathetic, humorous understanding of Bill Nye, Josh Billings, George Ade, Mark Twain, and Peter Dunne?

Is it true, that the laughter of life has been crowded out of American life? Is it true that we have lost the saving sense of humor? We need humor to keep us sane and kind. The shadows, and darkness, the troubles and sorrows of life come to us all. As in Nature, the shadows intermingle with the sunshine, even so must the sunshine of life lighten the shadows. Humor has been well called life's sunshine. It is the deep, thoughtful, kindly, sustained view of life's absurdities.

The humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes is flowing and flashy. It darts out when least expected. It is never cynical. A gentle, tolerant spirit pervades it. It is he, who has said "I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we're moving."

With Holmes we associate James Russell Lowell, the author of the *Biglow Papers*, that have been called "the soul of New England character." They abound in droll humor and sparkling wit. Their rude dialect lends an indefinable charm and tenderness to the tales. The human element and the power of truth are always evident. Hosea says,

"We're curus critters: Now, ain't jes' the minute
That ever fits us easy while we're in it;
Long, ez t'wuz futur' t' would be perfect bliss—
Soon ez it's past, thet time's wuth ten o' this"—

A little later other master humorists enriched American literature. Henry Wheeler Shaw, better known as Josh Billings, we people of the Berkshires claim. He is our neighbour, and is sleeping among the green slopes of Lanesboro. Josh had his own idea of humor. "Humor," he said, "must fall out of a man's mouth like music out of a bobolink, or like a young bird out of its nest, when it is feathered enough to fly." His own humor is of this type,—spontaneous and free. It consists of bits of homely philosophy, usually pointing to a moral. "Kindness is instinct, politeness only an art," is one of his favorite sayings.

Then there was Bill Nye, who for so many years smiled with the public and kept alive his quaint humor in the face of serious bodily disability. He never said an ill-natured or malicious thing in all his writings, a fact that speaks volumes for the sweetness of his soul.

Nye's humor abounds in daring puns. He makes a free use of the English language, a thing before then unheard of. He treats in a familiar way kings, queens, and men in high places.

In Nye's time also lived our well-beloved Mark Twain. His humor is a good-natured self-satire in which the reader often sees his own absurdities reflected. It is direct and simple in form; grotesque, but never mean or ungenerous. It consists largely of the association of dissimilar ideas. Mark Twain proved himself a master of humor when he created Tom Sawyer, the type of "irrepressible American boyhood."

The personality of the professional humorist often differs greatly from that which those who know him only thru his merrymaking naturally picture. The history of one and another shows that they have turned their bright side to the world, and have so bubbled over with humor that they seem to have no serious side. Mark Twain, our sunny, joyous humorist, when at the pinnacle of his fame, was suffering from an indurate melancholy and total dissatisfaction with life. He donned his cap and bells in public, but when alone he sat down in sack-cloth and ashes. He, whom stamping crowds greeted with wildest enthusiasm, eager to enjoy his kindly fun-making, said in earnestness, "Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to

Adam, the first benefactor of our race: he brought death into the world." "All say 'How hard it is that we have to die,' he says, 'a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.'"

How few there are who know not Peter Finley Dunne, the well-beloved Mr. Dooley! His humor is keen and penetrating. It is mellowed by a kindly, tolerant, philosophic interest in the weaknesses, of his fellow creatures. His philosophy of contentment is simple. "My experience with gold minin'" says he, "is, it's always in the next county. If I was to go to Alaska, they'd tell me of the finds in Siberia. So I think I'll stay here. I'm a silver man annyhow; and I'm content if I can see gold wanst a year, when some prominent citizen smiles over his newspaper. I'm thinkin' that every man has a gold mine under his own doorstep or in his neighbour's pocket at the farthest."

George Ade is a worthy disciple of these earlier master humorists. He has known how to interpret America to itself in certain phases with unfailing accuracy of touch. His *Fables in slang* are true portraits of life.

John Kendrick Bangs, who has but recently turned the last page of his final book, has a humor that is gentle, but keen. He laughs with us and not at us. It is he who has said,

"I can't forgive my enemies
'Tis useless to deny it.
And what is more though it displease
I shall not even try it.

My reason's good enough for me—
Just one among the many—
I can't forgive 'em for you see
I really haven't any."

These are but a few of the men that are wreath-crowned by Americans, because they have helped to lighten our shadows. From the east and west they have come and our literature is bright with their halos.

Are we a nation without a sense of humor? Just as the most effective way to disparage an author or acquaintance is to say that he lacks a sense of humor, so the most effective criticism that can be passed upon a nation is to deny it this valuable quality. Possibly, as a people, we may be going from bad to worse, as we have always been, but we have been kept from the worst by the humorist's smile, not the satirists' frown. It is Josh Billings who said, "There ain't but few judges of humor, and they all differ about it." It may be that our American humor has not a background of realism, as some critics affirm, and that it should be more serious, but it has done its duty well, for it has kept alive the flame of kindness and sympathy, which has drawn the people of suffering nations to us and made it possible for us to understand. For,

"All who joy would win must share it.
Happiness was born a twin."

Anna M. Cain, '22.



JUNE CLASS 1922



PRO-MERITO PUPILS

Back Row —Robert Parker, Helen Doyle, Irene Staples, Dorothy French, Rachel Barnes, Elladora Huthsteiner, James Claffie
Front Row —Erminie Huntress, Irene Canfield, Anna Cain, Audrey Pilon, Blanche Boutellier, Lauretta Dansereau

The Playground in Europe and America

When playgrounds were first discussed, the thought in the minds of most people was that their object was to keep the children off the streets. But as time has gone on, this purpose has become more and more definite until today the aims of the playgrounds are nearly as definite as those of the public schools; the play on the playground is good physical training; the keen rivalry in the games and the need for quick eyes and swiftly-moving bodies trains all the faculties; and, in their games, the children learn the meaning of good sportsmanship, a lesson which has much to do with the formation of good habits and a strong character.

The line of work on which the most emphasis is laid is physical training. There is a general feeling that physical training in America is sadly lacking. There is very little training for the child who is not old enough to go to school and it is this class that the playground endeavors to reach. The country children as well as the city children need supervised playgrounds. There is a current opinion that the child in the country, having wide fields to play in, needs no instruction; whereas the city child, who has only the street, without either grass or trees, has a great need for a playground. This is not true. Both children need the playground. If the farmers' families of today were as large as those of fifty years ago the children would not need a special place with a special instructor to teach them to play. But, unfortunately, today there are usually only one or two children on each farm and the farms are very far apart. Two children can not play very many games together so the need for a common center for the children to play is apparent. The city children, in their street games are apt to fall into bad habits; the language is bad, their manners are worse. When these games are brought into the playground the teacher, in playing them with the children unobtrusively corrects the grammar and, by her example, teaches her pupils better manners.

Many people confuse play with idleness, although the two are almost exact opposites. The child doing an arithmetic lesson uses his fingers and a few cells of his brain. On the other hand the boy playing baseball uses every muscle in his body and nearly all the cells in his brain. As a result the boy is invigorated, his mind is cleared and made more active and he goes more enthusiastically to his next task.

Europe has long recognized the value of the playground, but the municipal playground, as it has been generally accepted in America, has not been used in Europe. There the play movement is primarily a school movement. The municipal playground as it is in America is very rare. There are many playgrounds in the parks but these are nearly always used by the schools as schools under the direction of teachers.

One of the interesting developments of continental activity which we might introduce with profit is the school journey. These journeys vary in length from walks on Saturday afternoon to expeditions three or four weeks in length. The trips are usually taken on foot and the expense is very small, scarcely ever amounting to more than twenty-five cents a day. The schools often act as banks in

which the pupils deposit their pennies during the year to save the amount necessary. The whole expense is never borne by the pupil or by his family. The school pays a part, the inns take the children in free, they ride at half-price on the government railroads and everywhere they are welcomed by private families. The trips are very carefully planned to illustrate the work in history, geography, geology and general nature study of the year. They are excellent for the practical first hand knowledge they give the children of the things they have been studying, for the excellent physical exercise in the open air and for their great social opportunities.

England, too, has its short school journeys as well as many school playgrounds. In crowded London the playgrounds are sometimes on the roof of the school building while some schools have been able to make special arrangements with the tram companies to transport the children to playgrounds in the suburbs. The boys' schools in England have special hours set aside every day for play. Every boy is required to take at least two hours daily exercise in the open air. Every school has its cricket and its football teams. They play class against class, school against school, and city against city until what is practically a championship of England has been established.

The private girls' schools are usually situated near a large park used as a playground. One mistress said that the point on which many schools fail is the lack of a suitable playground. Her school has a five-acre tract attached to it where there are hockey fields, tennis courts and outdoor basketball courts. She requires that her girls have two hours of outdoor exercise in the winter and three hours in the summer. Her rule is, "Fresh air and exercise should take first place, sleep, the second, and work, the third." In fact, she maintains that a school without a playground is worse than no school at all.

America is just beginning to realize the importance of having well-kept playgrounds near the schools. Too often are our schools so crowded in our cities that scarcely half the pupils could stand crowded together on the space allotted for play. Every school should be built on at least one block of ground, the building to be in one corner and the rest of the land to be given over to the children for play. Schools that have less than this amount of ground should try to supply the deficiency at once. Where schools are built in the midst on a crowded business section it would be very expensive to buy the necessary ground; in such cases playgrounds and transportation to them, should be supplied in other less crowded sections. And, as a matter of course, no new school should be built without adequate provision for playground space.

Physical training through supervised play should be made a part of the curriculum of every school. Not only should the children be encouraged to use the playground during the summer, as is done in many cities, but a supervisor should be provided for the winter, also.

Last but not least the playground should be the center of the social activities of the neighborhood. It should be lighted at night so that it is available for the use of adults and of the children who have left school to work.

Pittsfield has made an excellent start in playground work. There are a number of playgrounds throughout the city. The playgrounds are open, under

the supervision of capable instructors, through the summer, but in the winter and early spring and fall the children are told to go immediately home as soon as school is over. There are no instructors on the grounds even at recess while so far no one has thought of trying out the excellent plan, followed on the continent, of allowing the children ten minutes between classes for play. Good as the work has been, there is still much to be done, but in view of the excellent results that have been accomplished since the first Playground Association was organized, we may hope to see many more improvements within the next few years.

Elladora Huthsteiner.

Nature and the Poet

Who can gaze upon the majesty and power of the ocean, who can listen to the vibrant, joyous song of a bird, or the mystic music of the mountain stream, without feeling the thrill of nature pass through his being? Momentarily, he is stirred by a genuine, heartfelt kinship with nature; he feels in sympathy with it, and very close to its heart. But, because most of us are ordinary mortals, we stand before these beauties, awed and speechless. It is only now and then that one arises in our midst with the gift of song, and bequeaths to the world the wealth of beauty that we had felt, but did not have the power to express. In his lyrics we recognize our own moods, our own aspirations. Through his wonderful gift he brings before us the scenes that we have loved, and once more we are in perfect accord with the vast silences, the majestic calm of the mountains, or the dashing restlessness of the mighty ocean.

Robert Burns, the beloved Scotch poet, was one of these. He might be called Nature's brother. Born and brought up in the wild country highlands, he literally poured forth vivid, enchanting lyrics which took the world by storm. He was in sympathy with every thing that lives,—the bird in the winter storm, "wee helpless thing," the wounded hare, the "auld mare, Maggie," the crimson tipped daisy,—and the luckless field mouse.

"Wee, sleekit, cow'ring, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring brattle!"

Even the thistle in the barley-field was spared, because it was "a symbol dear," and the song of the lark touched him so deeply that he cried out, "For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae more!

Or my poor heart is broken."

Again, he shows his love of the common-place things in nature when, having ploughed under a mountain daisy, he mourned over it in his poem—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped Flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem."

Sympathy, remorse, and love pour from every line. Truly, a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry. Its appeal is so genuine that Burns has won a warm spot in the heart of all nature lovers.

As the Scotch country folk love Burns, so the American people love Longfellow. Although he was not in such close communion with nature as Burns, still he was responsive to it, and his poems show the many and varied emotions which nature arouses. Who can read "Evangeline" and not feel the throb of the great out-of-doors?

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Are you not immediately transplanted to the shady aisles of the forest, and can you not hear the murmur and sigh of the pine trees? And again:

"Loud from the rocky caverns, the deep voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

Do you not picture the rocky coast, the dashing spray, and hear the hollow pounding of the surf as it answers the lament of the pines high on the cliff?

"Hiawatha," too, portrays Longfellow's intimate companionship with nature.

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this song of Hiawatha!"

The rhythm of the wind and the perfect melody of the forest and river ring throughout the entire poem. The sunshine warms us and the winds caress us as we follow Hiawatha on his journeys, "o'er the mountains, through the valleys, and across the wind-swept prairies." Longfellow continually heard the angel of poetry calling to him,—

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe."

But the truest, the greatest of the nature poets is William Wordsworth. No other poet has so profoundly interpreted the external world and conveyed its message to the heart of man. His devotion to nature was more than love and admiration. He found God there, and through his poems brought God, humani-

ty, and nature, closer together. From his early youth he was peculiarly sensitive to Nature's subtle influence. He compares himself in this respect to the aeolian harp:—

"Obedient as a lute

That waits upon the touches of the wind."

The sounding cataract haunted him, the tall rocks, the mountains, the deep and gloomy wood, filled him with ecstasy. He believed that there is a living and conscious spirit in nature that exerts its beneficent influence on every heart that watches and receives. In the "Lines written in Early Spring" he says:

"And, 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

And again:—

Beneath these fruit tree boughs that shed
Their snow white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat!
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last years friends together.

No other poet has pictured with such delicacy of observation the intimate details of nature: "The innocent brightness of the new-born day," "The clouds that gather round the setting sun," "The waters on a starry night," "The earth and every common sight" were, for Wordsworth, "appareled in celestial light." His poetry discloses not only the beauty and mystery of nature, but also the very spirit of God.

Such song is the immortal gift of but few poets, and Burns, Longfellow, and Wordsworth were endowed with rare lyric power, but even the most ordinary of mortals recognize in their music his own unuttered emotions. Fellowship with such poets is stimulating. They lead us by the light of the stars. They appeal always and only to the good that is in us. To dwell with them is to dwell on the heights.

Rachel P. Barnes.

Prophecy of The Class of June, 1922

About a month ago, a gentleman came to my door and asked me if I would like to see what my ancestors were doing. Having always loved my ancestors I naturally said "Yes." The man took from a suit case which he carried, a small machine resembling a typewriter. On one end of the machine there was an instrument similar to a pair of field glasses. The agent said that for five dollars he would sell me the machine and a book of instructions. I paid him and away he went grinning. I took the machine into the house, but before using it I tightened up a wheel which I found to be very loose. Then I sat down and read the instructions. I was told to place my hand on a wheel, and while turning it to peer into the glasses, and not only would I see my relatives and their supernatural homes, but I would even hear their voices. I obeyed the instructions to the letter, but I must have broken something in the machine, for instead of seeing the beautiful faces of my ancestors, I saw a man standing in front of St. Joseph's

church writing in a notebook. This man I recognized as our class president, Jimmie Driscoll. He was busily engaged in writing and staring at the steeplejack on the church steeple. He said, "Well, being a reporter on the Berkshire Courier I can make Archie Moran and Billy Nealon, who are the janitors in the church, let me interview Helen Doyle, who is the only living female steeplejack in the world. She is gilding the cross on that steeple up there." So I watched him mount to the belfry where he spent about an hour talking to Helen.

I turned the handle and the scene changed to a court room. I saw Eleanor Hynes and Alice Flynn pleading for a gentleman whom I recognized as Raymond Bennett. I heard Eleanor say, "Your Honor, we lady lawyers are of the opinion that the city should not have refused our client, Mr. Bennett, the exclusive right of selling grape juice at the High School basketball games." The judge whom I discovered was Ted Kallman, said, "Well, to settle disputes, suppose we let Bennett sell the grape juice and recommend that the Mayor, Miss O'Brien, give Bennett \$500 damages.

Again I turned the handle and the scene changed to a South St. apartment. I saw Dorothy French, seated at a table directing the activities of a firm, whose sign read, The Elite Plume Dyers, Inc. In walked a maid, Irene Staples, followed by the cook, Esther Krum, and the head dyer Fred Peck. These people were demanding more money and threatened to strike, but Dorothy said, "You're well off. Elladora Huthsteiner is teaching calisthenics to the first grade children in Hong Kong, China and receives only one fourth of your salary."

"Well," said Fred, "I don't see how she can live on twenty-five cents a week."

Turning the handle for the fourth time I discovered that two classmates of mine were dressed in diver's suits and were standing on the Boat Club dock at Pontoosuc Lake. These men were Ray Hubbell and Louis Curry. Curry said to Hubbell, "When we've recovered all the jewelry lost in the lake today we'll go up to Marie Hungerford's boarding house and watch Cliffie Briggs lift 500 lbs.—Cliff's trying out for the position as strong man in the circus."

Again I turned the handle and saw James Claffie seated on top of a Ford truck laden with fish and spinning along without a driver. I could also see Lillian Lynch who was doing traffic duty at the Lake, waving to Claffie to stop—and then I saw him stop. Lillian said, "Jimmie, how do you run your car?" Claffie replied, "Very simple! As you know, George Emerson is the wireless operator at Greenland, and he steers this car by wireless from his station."

While they were talking a trolley car approached them and out stepped Conductor Bill Hubbard and Motorman Helen Reichard, Helen said, "What do you know, Gladys Danes, Katherine Ferry, Mabel Mackie, Claire Maloney, and Clarice Toppin have organized a company of professional mourners, who will for a small sum attend anybody's funeral.

Bill Hubbard exclaimed, "Say, Helen, will we go to the High School Auditorium tonight to see the toe dancers, you know we haven't been there in fifteen years, in fact, since 1922. I met Leo Heroux on the street carrying a sign stating that the Misses Taylor, Dean, Canfield and Reynolds, would give their beautiful butterfly dance there tonight."

Having found out what these friends of mine were doing, I gave the handle

another spin and before my eyes I perceived the handsome face of Jake Glovinski back of a counter in a jewelry store. While I was watching Jake, in walked his better half, a girl I had known as Mary Grogan in my schooldays. While Mary was talking with her husband, in walked two women, whom I recognized as Audrey Pilon and Marion Britt. Audrey said to Jake, "Marion and I are now playing our latest production, "The Barber's Love," in Gt. Barrington."—Clif Palmer wrote the music for the show and his sidepartner, Erminie Huntress wrote the parts. Clif and Erminie are doing work for all the leading producers."

Jake said, "Marion, what ever became of Dot Griffen, Lauretta Dansereau, and Blanche Bouteiller?"

Marion replied, "Oh, they're running a camp for crippled acrobats in Lenox."

Again I spun the handle of my machine, and this time I saw two men walking down the main street of the Canary Islands. They were Harry Baker and Tommy Joyce. Harry said, "Tom, since you've come to visit me, I've let all my missionary work here go idle."

Tommy exclaimed, "If you had to attend the Madagascar Air Conference as a representative from the Aleutian Islands, you'd even forget to eat."

Just then an aeroplane landed in the street and Betty Richards and Arthur La Brode hopped out. Both exclaimed, "Boys we're glad to see you."

Harry replied, "So are we—but why the aeroplane?"

Betty answered, "Since Arthur has become the doctor of I. W. W. he has many calls. We're on our way to pull some teeth for a Russian Prince. Since we're married I have to go with him and drive the plane."

With that they were off and I again spun the handle and before me there appeared the main ring of a circus. High in the air, I saw Boyd Hamilton Herm Cullinan, Everrit Carrow, Fred Moritz, and Jimmie Wasson doing acrobatic stunts. Suddenly a whistle shrilled and from among some paraphernalia there arose three girls whom I recognized as Desdemona Boudreau, Rachael Barnes and Ellen Behan. These girls climbed up on to a trapeze and forming a living chain swung over and joined hands with the boys' troupe. Then Walter Durant was hoisted up to the level of this human chain, and taking hold of a bushel basket full of lead shot walked across the living bridge amid the thunderous applause of the amazed multitude.

Having become tired of watching these circus performers, I involuntarily gave the handle a turn and before my eyes, there appeared a kitchen in a home. In this room I recognized two women, Anna Cain and Alice Hollister who were intently watching two lady plumbers who turned out to be Katherine Meehan and Mary Meagher. Anna Cain remarked "Since you plumbers have been on the job, my old age money has dwindled to \$4.50 and the woman in charge of this old ladies' home will be after me for my board bill. But, believe me she'll get left if she does."

The two plumbers having finished their day's work left for warmer regions and the two returned to their rooms.

Again the handle was spun but nothing more could I see, no matter how much I turned the handle, so I placed the machine in one corner of my room and sat down to consider what I would do if all these things came true.

Henry L. Merriam, '22.

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